

EPIGRAMS OF ALL SORTS,

Made at
DIVERS TIMES
On
SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

By Richard Flecknoe.

A nostris procul est omnis uesica libellis. Mart.

L O N D O N :

Printed for the Author, and Will.
Crook, at the Green-dragon with-
out Temple-bar. 1670.

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THE
Epistle Dedicatory,
To all his
NOBLE FRIENDS.

THere is none Prints
more, nor publishes less
than 13 for I Print one-
ly for my self and pri-
vate Friends (and had
I not thought these more passible than
the rest, I had never made them so
publick as I do.)

I write chiefly to avoid Idleness,
and print to avoid the Imputation:
and as others do it to live after they
are dead; I do it onely not to be
thought dead whilst I am a live: (for
as the concealing what one does, little
differs from Idleness, so the being I-

The Epistle Dedicatory,
dle, little differs from being dead.)

Epigram in general, is a quick and short kinde of Writing, rather a slight, than any great force of the Spirit; and therefore the more fit for me, who love not to take pains in any thing, and rather affect a little negligence, than too great curiosity (which I desire may serve for excuse of my negligence in some of these.)

Epigrams at their first institution served onely for Inscriptions of Ports, and Entries of Temples, and publick places, and consisted onely in a Distick, or line or two; till at length, by degrees, they became so much enlarg'd, both for matter and quain-tity, as there was nothing that was not matter of Epigram, and no length it woud not admit of, so it kept but close unto the matter, with that life and quickness which was Re-quisite and essential to it; and espe-cially avoided long discourses, which is as improper for it, as a long Robe for one who is to run a Race.

For

to all his Noble Friends.

For these here, they are chiefly in praise of worthy persons, of which none had ever a more plentiful subject than I, having been always conversant with the best and worthiest in all places where I came; and amongst the rest with Ladies, in whose conversation, as in an Academy of Vertue, I learnt nothing but Goodness, saw nothing but nobleness; and one might as well be drunk in a Christial Fountain, as have any evil thoughts whilst they were in their Company. Which I shall gladly always remember, as the happiest and innocentest part of all my life; and that they are mixt with the dispraise of others, 'tis onely as sawce unto the rest, which shud always have somewhat of sharp piquant in it.

I was long deliberating before I publisht them, whether I shud range them in order, or let them pass promisculously, till at last (to save the Heraldslabour) I resolv'd on this latter way, onely I have separated
the

The Epistle Dedicatory,

*the more Light and Theatrical ones,
and the more Grave and Pious ones
from the rest, as being particularly
subjects of themselves.*

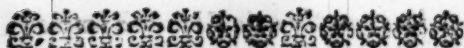
*Of which Pious ones, this I will
only say, that Piety and Devotion,
Consisting chiefly in moving the At-
fection, Verse seems the fittest lan-
guage for it, and of all Verse, that of
Epigrams: it being a short Jaculatory,
kinde of writing, and therefore the
aptest to penetrate the breast, It is that
which strews the way of Vertue and
Piety with Roses instead of Thorns:
and one reason why no more are de-
lighted with it, is because it is no
more delightfully perswaded; and
then it was when Verse was wholly
employed in Devotion, that Poetry
was called the Language of the Gods,
your Poets, Prophets, and such as
Moses and David were Poets: nor
will it ever be well with the World,
till things return to their first insti-
tution, and Poets take as much pains
to render Piety and Vertue delight-
ful,*

to all his Noble Friends.

*ful, as now they do Vice and Impiety.
Whatsoever they are, they are yours,
for I have made them for you, and to
dedicate them to any one in particu-
lar, were to do injury to the rest, take
them amongst you then, for 'tis but
just, that I should Dedicate all I have
to you, to whom I have dedicated
myself.*

R. F.

EPI.



Emendatioms

Recomended to the Reader.

TO distinguish my faults from the Printers, first
the Reader may please to amend these few
faults escaped in the printing, and pardon the rest:
Page 11. Line 8. read *your* for *the*. P. 14. l. 10.
r. *then* for *as*, and l. 14. 45 for 55. P. 33. l. ult.
r. makes them *seem* less great. P. 38. l. 13. r. *fruit*
for *first*. P. 86. l. 2. r. 54 for 34. P. 87. l. 2. r.
ordering for *making*.

*For mine own faults p. 9. read the first Stanza
thus :*

Crust a mighty Conqueror was;
And great Example of other Princes:
But you his Conquests far surpass,
Who win more hearts than he Provinces.

You will finde many other rubs besides, to
hinder the Verses running smooth, which none
but a Friend can excuse; and I shud be sorry
they shud light into any other hands;




EPIGRAMS

Of all sorts,

Made at divers times,

On several occasions.

of EPIGRAMS in general.

 *That Airs in point of Musick are, the same,
In point of writing is your Epigram,
Short, quick and sprightly; and both
these and those*

When th' Ear expects it, comes unto a close.
'Tis but *few lines*, but those like *Gold* well try'd
Out of the *dross* of *many lines* beside;
And says not much, but all it says is good,
And plain and easie to be understood.

B

In

In every kinde, be th' Writing what it will,
 'Tis that most takes, and most delights you still;
 And does to th'rest, no less Adornment bring
 Then does the *Stone* or *Jewel* to the *Ring*.
Poets can't write, nor *Orators* declame,
 But all their *wit* is chiefly *Epigrams*:
 And both in *Verse* and *Prose*, and every thing
 Your *Epigram* is writing for a King.

Of the difficulty of making them now-a-days.

NOR is't so easie making of them, as
 It was of old, in our Fore-fathers days:
 When even the very *sound* of words alone,
 Or out-side of them us'd to pass for one.
 And when they heard a *Clench*, or *Quibble* spoak,
 They'd claw you for't, as if some Jest were broak.
 But now th'ar grown more curious and nice,
 And what was *Vertue* then, is counted *Vice*.
Clenches and *Quibbles* now are out of date,
 Which they no less then *Bilke* and *Nonsense* hate.
 And when they hear but any of them sed,
 The *Wits* are ready strait to break your head.
 So goes the World, nor must we think it strange
 The *Mode* together with the *Times* shud change.
 'Tis so, we see, in fashion of our *Cloaths*,
 And why not of our *Wits* as well as those?

of

Of several sorts of Wits.

W*Its like Hawks ar for the sport ;*
 Some ar *long-wing'd*, some ar *short* :
 The *first* do fly so high a flight,
 They often soar quite out of sight.
 The *second* far the fitter for you ,
 Keep them close unto the Quarry :
 Nor too *low*, nor yet too *high*,
 Of this latter sort am I.

To the Duke of MONMOUTH,
On his going into France, Anno 68.

WE to the *French* as much in *Court* did yeild,
 As they to us did formerly i'th' *Field*,
 Till *Monmouth* went, and overcame them more
 I'th' *Court* than ere we did i'th' *Field* before.
 How fatal to the *French* is *Monmouths* name !
 They shud be twice thus Conquer'd by the same :
 By *Valour* first in *War*, and now no less
 A second Time, by *Gallantry* in *Peace* !

To the Dutches of MONMOUTH.

Madam,

YOU being all Admirable as you are,
 No wonder yet I never could declare,
 B 2 But

But by an Aspiration or two,
 The admiration which I had for you !
 Nor is't a thing I've tane up of report ,
 But travelling your whole Sex over for't ,
 I must conclude, where ever I have been,
 You are the worthiest yet I've ever seen :
 Else 'twere my *Ignorance*, not your *praise*, had I
 Not first of all made full discovery ;
 " For who know nothing, admire all they view ;
 Who all things know, nothing admire but you.
 Nor can there any so injurious be
 Unto your worth, to think this *Flattery* :
 " 'Tis *flattery* to praise *vice*, but when we praise
 " *Virtue*, 'tis obligation each one has ;
 And they shud rather be thought *envious*, who
 Don't praise you for't, then *flatterers* who do.

To a certain Great Lady,
Who commanded him to wait on her ;
And when he came, he was made to wait for her.

Madam,

Y^Ou did command that I shud wait on you,
 And that there's none more willingly shud do:
 But to wait for you in your outward Rooms,
 Among your *Tradesmen*, *Servicingmen* & *Grooms*,
 That

That is a thing I never yet could do,
 Nor ever was accustomed unto.
 Bid me to go, I'll run ; to run, I'll flee ;
 But *stand and wait*'s impossible for me.
 All that is possible to be done, I'll do ;
 I can *wait on you*, but can't *wait for you*.

On the death of the Duke of
 G L O C E S T E R.

High-born and Great, as any Prince on earth,
 With Minde more Great and High then
 was his Birth :

Wise 'bove his years, Valiant above a man ,
 Whence you perceive how early he began ;
 Whose life was onely an *Epitome*,
 Where you in brief all gallantry might see ;
 And active fire, like lightning did appear,
 That even is gone ere you can say 'tis here.
 One who had all those brave and noble parts,
 Which most gain love, & most do conquer hearts :
 Whence no Prince yet had ever more that griev'd
 When he was dead, or lov'd him when he liv'd.
 Who's now so dull, when this they hear but sed,
 That does not know the Duke of Gloucester's dead?
 The gallantst person Nature ever made,
 And hopefulst Prince as ever England had.
 Let all admire this world now, learn by this,
 What all their worldly hopes and Greatness is.

On the death of the Lady Jean Cheynée.

THe softest Temper, and the mildest Breast
Most apt to pardon, needing pardon least ;
Whose *blush* was all her Reprehension,
Whilst none ere heard her chide, nor saw her
frown :

All *sweetness, gentleness, and dovlike all,*
Without least *anger, bitterness or gall* ;
Who scarce had any passion of her own,
But was for others all compassion :
A Saint she liv'd, and like a Saint she dy'd,
And now is gone where only Saints abide.
What will she be when she's with Angels, when
She even was *one* whilst here she was with men ?
What will she be in heaven when she comes there,
Whose life and manners were so heavenly here ?
Make much of her you Saints, for God knows
when

Your Quires will ever have her like agen.

The Poet's tract.

Such a *Stature* as they call
Nor too Low, nor yet too Tall ;
With each part from head to foot
Justly answerable to't :

Such

Such a *Beauty*, such a *Face*
Adds to all the rest a *Grace* ;
In whose *Circle* does appear
Thousand *Cupids* sporting there.
Hair so black, and *Skin* so white,
Never was a fairer sight.
And her fairer yet to make,
Eyes and *Eye-brows* too as black.
Forehead smoother then the *Glass*
In the which she sees her *Face*.
Cheeks, where naturally grows
The *Lillies* and the blushing *Rose*.
Nose 'bove all so gently rises,
Nothing more the sight surprizes.
Lipps, all other *Lipps* excelling,
Th'ar so ruddy and so swelling.
Mouth and pretty dimpled *Chin*,
With such pearly *Teeth* within,
No *Indian Shell* did ere inclose
More *Oriental* ones than those.
Voyce that charms you 'tis so sweet,
Made more charming by her *Wits* :
And you'd think in every *smile*
All the *Graces* dwelt the while.
If any'd know who this may be,
Name but *Bellas*, it is she.

EPIGRAMS.

STANCES

Envoyez par le *Sieur de Scudery*
 A l' Altezze de Madame la Duchesse de Lorrein
 Avec son Grand Cyrus.

§.

CYrus passa tous les vainqueurs
 Il fut l'Exemple des Grands Princes;
 Mais vous surmontez plus des Cœurs
 Qu'il ne surmonta des provinces.

§.

O merveilleuse nouveauté
 O rare pouvoir de vos Charmes
 De faire plus par la Beauté
 Qu'un Heros ne fit par ses Armes.

§.

Vous voyant vaincre en un moment
 Le Brave qui vainquit l'Asie
 Chacun a de l'estonnement
 Mandane a de la Jalousie.

§.

En fin le plus grand des Guerriers
 Va mettre a vos pieds sa Couronne
 Heureux si parmy ses Lauriers
 Vous prenez son Cœur qu'il vous donne.

STAN-

EPIGRAMS.

STANCES

*Sent to her Highness the Dutches of Lorrein,
By the Sieur de Scudery,
Together with his Grand Cyrus.*

§.

CYRUS a mighty Conqueror was,
To whom for valour none but yeilds:
But yours, his Conquests far surpass,
Who win more hearts then he did fields.

§.

O strange to admiration!
O wondrous power of your Charms!
Your Beauty shud do more alon,
Then coud a *Heroe* by his Arms.

§.

To see you overcome so soon
Him, who all *Asia* overcame;
Gives wonder unto every one!
And jelousie unto *Mandane*.

§.

In fine, the best of Warriors layes
His Crown down at your feet, and shall
Count it his happiness, if with's bayes
You but accept his heart and all.

EPIGRAMS.

On her Death.

WHEN this fair *soul* in mortal flesh did live,
It had some *Angel* been you would believe;

Thorough her bright *Exterior* there did shine
So much from her *Interior* of Divine.
And if her *Vertuous* Actions you had seen,
You would have thought she *Vertu's* self had been:
Which could it but be seen by mortal Eyes,
All hearts with admiration would surprize.
And now all that could dye of her is dead,
And that that's *living* unto Heaven is fled,
As when some Lamp untimely does expire,
The flame mounts up to th' Element of Fire.
This *Epitaph* in memory of her,
Let's onely write upon her Sepulcher.

She who alive all *Vertue* and *Beauty* was,
T' on in her *Breast*, and tother in her *Face*,
Now she is dead, just Reason w'ave to fear
All *Vertue* and *Beauty* too ar dead with her:
Whilst all the joy we had, or ere shall have,
Now she is dead, lyes buried in her Grave.

To her Noble Sister,
 Mademoiselle de BEAUVAIS,
 Now Princess of Aremburg.

ALL the *Lay* thoughts, Madam, I ever had
 Of your fair Sex, ar now Religious made,
 Admiring you, and I'm become by it,
 Your Sexes Votary, and your Convertit.
 For just unto the *Chamber* all do come
 As to some *Temple*, and from thence go home;
 The *bad* converted, and the *good* far more
 Confirm'd in Goodness, then they were before:
 Whilst with your sight, not onely you restrain
 All *vitious* speech, but even all *light* and *vain*:
 And none to utter there, permission has,
 Or words of *double sence*, or *doubtful phrase*.
 Yet *Vertue* that's in others so severe,
 It from their conversation does deter,
 In you is so attractive and so gay,
 None from your presence ere went sad away.
 But stay my *Muse*, for if thou forwards tend,
 Thou mayst begin, but never make an end,
 Of such as hers, whose praise is infinite,
 The more you say, the less you say of it.
 There is an Artful silence, as there was
 An Artful vailing Great *Atides* face:

'Tis

'Tis praise enough to say that she can ne'r
Be prais'd enough, and say no more of her.

Of VVelbeck,
The Duke of Newcastle's House,
Where he entertain'd
The last King so magnificently, Anno 33.

W*Elbeck*, a Royal place where every thing
Seems made for entertainment of a King,
And every one confesses that he ne'er
Was entertain'd more royally then there.
Let others wonder at thy Lords expence,
And at the vastness of 's Magnificence.
He who would hazard *Fortune*, Life and all,
To serve his *Master* when his *General*;
For me I ne'r shall wonder that he woud
Not spare his purse, who woud not spare his blood.

To Sir WILLIAM DEWCY
On his three entertainments of
The King, the Prince of Denmark,
And the Prince of Tuscany,
All the last Summer, Anno 69.

D*ewcy* that bravely know'rt to spend
When 'tis for any noble End;

And

And never stickst at the Expence,
 When 'tis to shew Magnificence
 For th' Royal entertainment, that
 Th'ast given unto thy Prince of late;
 The honour onely is thine *owne*
 But what's to other Princes done,
 The honour thou to them dost do,
 Is both thine *own* and *Countries* too;
 In that th'art but a *privat man*,
 In this a *publick person*, and
 Thy Country shud ungrateful be,
 Shud it not always honour thee,
 Who knowst so bravely how to spend
 When 'tis for any noble End;
 And never stickst at the expence,
 When 'tis to shew Magnificence.

*On his House at Charlton nigh Greenwich,
 Where these entertainments were made.*

WHilst *Greenwich* for its seat's commended so,
 Thou shalt not *Charlton* uncommended go;
 Although thou wantst a *Barklays* pen to raise
 Thee to the height of Fame which t'other has,
 Did *Thames* but at thy feet its Tribute pay,
 As 't does to theirs, thoudst be as fam'd as they.
 But yet it needs not, for thou hast by *Land*,
 As that by *Water*, full as great command;

And

Damasks and Tiffu's of *Pernassus* work
 Surpass the *Chinean*, *Persian*, and the *Turk*.
 T'ons richer *vein*, and sparkling *Wit* contends
 With *Gold* and *Jewels*, either *India* sends;
 T'other for soft and silken Phrase puts down
 The smoothest Sattin and the softest down.
 Onely as I have heard objected, there's
 Amongst the rest great want of some *small* wares;
 Things which your simple people so admire,
 They scarce without them think a *Fayr* entire:
 And for such *Bagatels* that none may lack,
 I'am come to fit them with my *Pedlers*-pack.

To Sir K. D. made Anno 45.

Whilst with thy mighty Wit I but compare
 Our petty ones, methinks they *Pigmies* are;
 And thine the *Hercules*, with whose vast discourse
 Whilst we'd be meddling fain, but want the force,
 Thy Wit comes to't, and presently with ease
 Takes't up as light, and weylds it as thou please.
 Oh how I've sometimes long'd, when I have been
 Where I some insolent prating Sir have seen,
 With *Tyrant* talk awing the Company,
 Whilst none must speak, & none be heard but he;
 T'ave some such Tyrant-Conquerer as thou
 Enter the room, but onely to see how

My

My mighty Talker presently woud sneak
 At sight of thee, nor dare to look nor speak.
 So have I seen some chattering *Pye* or *Jay*,
 Fright with their noise the lesser *Fowl* away;
 Until by chance some *Eagle* comes in sight,
 When strait themselves are hush't & put to flight.

*To the Lady Gerard of Brunley,
 of the Education of my Lord her Son.*

IF Education second Nature be,
 (Madam) you doubly oblige Posterity,
 By giving (as you do) my Lord your Son,
 Such brave and noble Education,
 As gives him double Title to the Fame
 Of noble *Gerard*, and brave *Digbys* name:
 Which you bestow, and he receives so well;
 Which merits greater praise, there's none can tell:
 But all agree, there's none can better do,
 A *Sons* than *be*, a *Mothers* part than *you*.

EPI TAPH

*In memory of that ever-memorable Lady
 Anne Packington Lady Audley.*

STay Reader, and if ever thou wo'dst hear
 A story worthy thy intentive ear,
 Know here lyes buried in this Sepulcher

One who had all those excellent qualicles
Of *noble, vertuous, beautiful* and *wise*,
A mortal creature, cou'd immortalize.

Who after all degrees of *Mother, Wife*
And *Maid* sh'ad past, and left them all at strife,
Which *state* she most had honour'd in her life;

At last (a weary of this life below)
She dy'd, and unto highest heaven did go,
To honour there the *State* of *Angels* too.

*To the Lord Henry Howard of Norfolk,
Returning from his Asiatick voyage.*

My Lord,

AS Merchants trade for other Riches, so
You trade for *Honour*, where soe'er you go;
And richly fraughted with it, always make
A noble and brave return at coming back.
What store then must the *Howards* have oft? who
Have such brave *Factors* for't abroad, as you?
And are so honoured for't at home, as they,
Without offence of any, well may say,
As God first made the *Light*, then made the *Sun*
A great *Reserve* (as 'twere) for't, when h'ad don:
So *Kings* make *Honour*, and the *Howards* are
The great *Reserves* of't, you still finde it there.

C

To

To his Highness,
COSMO Prince of Tuscany
 On his Travels.

Cosmo a name that's all Cosmography,
 And Cart or Map wher all the world you see
 Seeing what you do, and being what you ar,
 You are the onely great *Cosmographer*.
 And if others like rowling Balls of Snow,
 Travelling about the world still greater grow:
 How great must you be, who were great before;
 And now by travelling still grow more & more?

To the same,
 On his coming into England.

Cosmo whose thirst of seeing the world's so
 great,
 Shud the *Creator* more new worlds creat;
 Till there were *Globes* enow for every Ball
 I'ch' *Mediceian* Arms, you'd see them all.
 Amongst the rest at last y'ar come to see
 This other world of ours, Great *Brittany*;
 And Princes like your self where ere they come,
 This priviledge have, th'ar every where at home.
 Others are *Citizens* of the world, but you
 Not onely *Citizen*, but *Prince* of 't too;

Neerly

Neerly by Birth and Parentage ally'd,
To most o'th' *Princes* of the world beside.

*To the Lady M. N.
Or the fair Daughter of as fair a Mother.*

WHAT you'll be in Time we know
By the Stock on which you grow,
As by *Roses* we may see
What in time the *Buds* will be:
So in *Flowers*, and so in *Trees*,
So in every thing that is;
Like its like does still produce,
As 'tis *Natures* constant use;
Grow still then till you discover
All the Beauties of your Mother:
Nothing but fair and sweet can be
From so sweet and fair a Tree.



EPIGRAMS.

The second B O O K.

*To his Royal Highness,
The Duke of York,
Returning from our Naval Victory,
Anno 65.*

MORE famous and more great then ere
Caesar or Alexander were!
 Who hath both done and outdone too,
 What those *great Heroes* could not do.
 Till Empire of the Seas we get,
 No Victory can be compleat:
 For *Land and Sea* makes but one *Ball*;
 They had but half, thou hast it all.
Great Prince, the glory of our days,
 And utmost bound of humane praise!

In-

Increast in stile, we well may call
 Thee now the whole worlds *Admiral*,
 Whilst mighty *Charles* with Trident stands,
 And like some *God* the Sea commands.
 Having so gloriously o'ercome,
 What now remains but to come home,
 And fixed in our *Brittish* Spher,
 Shine a bright Constellation ther?
 More famous and more great than ere
Cesar or *Alexander* were.

To his Highness Prince Rupert,
 On the same.

Great and Heroick Prince, surpassing far
 Him who was stil'd the Thunder-bolt of War:
 The Belgick *Lyon* stands amaz'd to see
 A greater *Lyon* than it self in thee;
 And *Zealand* on, all trembling for fear,
 Half sinks into the Waves, and hides it there.
 Ne'er since the *Grecians* cal'd the world their own,
 Or *Romans* theirs, was greater valour known:
 And if there yet new worlds to conquer were,
 Brave *Rupert* were the fittest Conqueror.
 Greatest Example of Heroick worth,
 As ever yet this latter Age brought forth;
 As formerly the Land of *Brittain* was,
 So now the Sea's too narrow for thy praise,

And 'twill in time become the work alone
Of extasie and admiration !
Great and Heroick Prince, surpassing far !
Him, who was fill'd the Thunder-bolt of War !

To Sir K. D. in Italy, Anno 46.

Recommending to him a certain Memorial.

I Must beg of you, Sir, nay what is more,
('Tis a disease so infectious to be poor)
Must beg you'd beg for me ; which whilst I do,
What is't but even to make you beggar too ?
But poverty being as honourable now,
As 'twas when *Cincinnatus* held the plough ;
Senators Sow'd and Reap'd, and who had been
In Car of triumph fetcht the Harvett in :
Whilst mightiest *Peers* do want, nay what is worse,
Even greatest *Princes* live on others purse ;
And very *Kings* themselves are beggars made,
No shame for any Sir, to be o'th' Trade.

*To Sir Peter Collaton,
On the discovery and Plantation of
Carolina in America.*

Born for thy *Countries* good, and adding to't
New *Countries* and *Plantations* to boot,
(Whilst

(Whilst others for themselves seem onely born
 Like Rats and Mice, and but to eat up Corn :)
 If others so much prais'd and honour'd are
 For bringing home some forrain Countries ware;
 Their praise compar'd to thine must needs be small,
 Bringst home the ware, the Country too, and all.

On Mary Dutches of Richmond.

WHether a cheerful air does rise
 And eleuate her fairer Eyes;
 Or a pensive heaviness
 Her lovely Eye-lids does depress;
 Still the same becoming Grace
 Accompanies her Eyes and Face;
 Still you'd think that habit best,
 In which her countenance last was dress.
 Poor *Beauties*! whom a look or glance,
 Can sometimes make look fair by chance;
 Or curious dress, or artful care
 Can make seem fairer then they are:
 Give me the Eyes, give me the Face,
 To which no Art can add a Grace:
 Give me the looks, no garb, nor dress
 Can ever make more fair, or less.

*On the Death
of Charles Lord Gerard of Bromley.*

WHO alive so far had been,
He almost every land had seen;
And almost every thing did know
A man could in this World below:
At last his knowledge to improve,
Is gone unto the World above,
Where his *knowledge* is so much,
And his *happiness* is such,
'Twould *envie*, and not *sorrow* seem
In those too much shud grieve for him.

On George Duke of Albemarle.

IF others have their *honours* well deserv'd
Who nobly have their *King & Country* serv'd:
What *Honour* ever can be worthy you,
Who have not onely serv'd, but sav'd them too?

*To a Lady
Too curious of her Dress,*

AND why *Clarissa* so much pains and care,
To gain the reputation of fair!
When

When without all this care, and all this pain
 You have already what you strive to gain?
Beauty and *Truth* need so small setting forth,
 As all you add to't, take but from its worth;
 And th' *Sun* and *you*, need far more art to hide
 Your brighter beams, then make them more e-
 All other Arts in you woud shew as poor (spy'd.
 As his shud go about to guild *Gold* o'er;
 And you'd appear as vain in it, as they
 Shud seek by Art to *Blanch* the *Milkie-way*.
 You're fair enough *Clarissa*, leave to those
 These petty arts, whose Beautie's onely Clothes;
 And who need powdering, patching, painting too,
 Or else they know their beauty'll hardly do.
 So politicks when *Lyons* skin does fail,
 Do use to piece it out with *Foxes* tail.
 But when th'ave *Lyons* skin enough, 'tis poor
 And beggerly to add a piece to't more.

To Mr. Edward Howard,
 Brother to the Duke of Norfolk.

IT is not *Travel* makes the man, 'tis true,
 Unless a man could *Travel* Sir like you;
 In putting off themselves, and putting on
 The best of every Country where they come:
 Their

Their *Language, Fashions, Manners* & their *use*,
 Purg'd of the dross, and stript of the abuse :
 Whilst your *pyed Traveller*, who nothing knows
 Of other Countries fashions, but their clothes;
 And learns their Language but as *Parrots* do,
 Onely perhaps a broken word or two;
 Goes and returns the same he went agen,
 By carrying still himself along with him.

on the Dutchess of Newcastle's Closset.

WHAT place is this? looks like some sacred Cell
 Where ancient Hermits formerly did dwell!
 And never ceast importunating Heaven,
 Till some great blessing unto Earth was given?
 Is this a Ladies Closset? 't cannot be,
 For nothing here of vanity we see,
 Nothing of curiosity, nor pride,
 As most of Ladies Clossets have beside.
 Scarcely a Glass, or Mirror in't you finde,
 Excepting *Books* the *Mirrors* of the minde.
 Nor is't a *Library*, but onely as she
 Makes each place where she comes a *Library*.
 Here she's in rapture, herein extasie,
 With studying high, and deep Philosophy:
 Here those *clear lights* descend into her minde,
 Which by reflection in her Books you finde:

And

And those high *Notions*, and *Idea's* too,
Which bur her self, no Ladies ever knew.
Whence she's the chiefest Ornament and Grace
O'th' times, and of her Sex. Hayle sacred place,
To which the world in after-times shall come
As unto *Homers* Shrine, or *Virgils* Tomb;
Honouring the Walls wherein she made abroad,
The air she breath'd, & ground whereon she trod.
So *Fame* rewards the *Arts*, and so agen
The *Arts* reward all those who honour them;
Whilst those in any other things do trust,
Shall after death lye in forgotten dust.

To M^{rs}. S T U A R T.

Stuart a Royal name that springs
From Race of *Caledonian* Kings;
Whose vertuous minde, and beaurious fame
Adds honour to that Royal Name,
What praises can I worthy finde,
To celebrate thy form, and minde?
The greatest power that is on Earth,
Is given to Princes by their Birth,
But there's no power in Earth nor Heaven,
More great then what's to Beauty given,
That makes not onely men relent,
When unto rage and fury bent,

But

But *Lyons* tame, and *Tygers* milde,
 All fierceness from their breasts exil'd.
 Such wonders yet could ne'er be done
 By *Beauties* force and power alone,
 Without the power and force to boot
 Of excellent *goodness* added to't.
 For just as *Jewels* we behold,
 More brightly shine when set in Gold:
 So *Beauty* shines far brighter yet,
 In *vertue* and in *goodness* set.
 Continue then but what you are,
 So excellently good and fair;
 Let *Princes* by their birthrights sway,
 You'll have a power as great as they.

*On her dancing in White-hall,
 All shining with Jewels.*

SO *Cithæra* in th' *olympick* Hall,
 And th' rest o' th' *Stars* dance their *Celestial* Ball,
 As *Stuarts* with the rest o' th' *Nymphs* does here,
 The brightest *Glories* of the *Brittish* Spear;
 Who would not think her heaven, to see her thus
 All shine with *Starry Jewels* as she does?
 Or somewhat more then *Heaven*, to see her Eyes
 Outshine the *starry Jewels* of the *Skies*?

One

Onely her splendor's so exceeding bright,
 Th'excess confounds & blinds us with the light;
 Just as the *Sun* that's bright to that degree,
 Nothing is more, nothing less seen then he.
 Mean time the rapid motion of the Sphers
 Is not so sweet and Ravishing as hers:
 Nor is't the harmony makes her dance, but she
 In dancing 'tis that makes the harmony.
 Next to divinest *Cynthia* Queen of light,
 Never was seen a Nymph so fair and bright!
 Nor ever shall, 'mong all her starry train,
 Though those in Heaven shud all come down
 (again,

*on her Marriage,
 With the Duke of Richmond.*

THe fairest Nymph of all *Diana's* train,
 For whom so many sigh'd, & sigh'd in vain.
 She who so oft had others Captive made,
 And who so oft o'er others triumph had,
 Is *Venus* Captive now her self, and led
 In triumph to the noble *Richmonds* bed.
 Nor is it strange to see about her fly
 As many *Cupids* as are Stars i'th' sky,
 As many *Graces* as are sands i'th' Sea,
 Nor yet as many *Venus's* as they:
 But to behold so many *Virtues* throng
 About a Nymph so beautiful and young.

Is

Is strange indeed, and clearly shews she had
 Call'd all in counsel when the match was made,
 And *Venus Urania* onely 'twas who came
 Her self from Heaven to celebrate the same.

To LILLY,

Drawing the Countess of Castlemains Picture.

STay daring man, and ne'r presume to draw
 Her Picture, till thou may'st such colours get
 As *Zeuxis* and *Appelles* never saw,
 Nor ere were known by any Painter yet :

Till from all *Beauties* thou extracts the Grace,
 And from the *Sun* the beams that gild the Skies,
 Never presume to draw her beautilous face,
 Nor paint the radiant brightness of her Eyes.

In vain the whilst thou doest the labour take,
 Since none can set her forth to her desert :
 She who's above all *Nature* ere did make,
 Much more's above all can be made by *Art*.

Yet bee'nt discouraged, since whoe'er do see'r,
 At least with admiration must confess,
 It has an air so admirably sweet,
 Much more then others, though then hers much
 (less,
 So

So those bold *Gyants* who would scale the Skie,
 Although they in their high attempt did fall,
 This comfort had, they mounted yet more high
 Then those who never strove to clime at all.

Comfort thee then, and think it no disgrace
 From that great height a little to decline,
 Since all must grant the Reason of it was
 Her too great Excellence, and no want of thine.

Somewhat to Mr. J. A.

On his excellent Poem of Nothing.

OF *Nothing*, nothing's made, they say, but thou
 By what th'ast made disprov'st that say-
 ing now,

And prov'st thy self maker of *Poems* right,
 Couldst out of *nothing* bring such ones to light,
 Which I, (as *Creatures* him who does creat)
 Onely on *Somewhat* dully imitat:
 Mean time at least, say all they can agin it,
 I hope they needs must say there's *somewhat* in it;
 Or granting it as good as *nothing* be,
 The greater honour still, for it, and me.

To Mr. Henry Jermin,
On their demanding why he had
no higher Titles, &c.

Still *noble, gallant, generous and brave,*
What more of Titles woud these people have?
Or what can they imagine, more to express
How great thou art, that woud not make thee less?
He who is proud of other Titles, is
Proud of a thing that's *Fortunes*, none of his;
A thing that's but the Title-page o' ch' Book,
On which your Fools and Children onely look:
Or garnishment of dishes, not to eat,
But empty nothings to set off the meat.
Thou enviest none their *honours*, but woudst be
Sorry they shud deserve them more than thee:
And 'twere in thee but vain ambition
To seek by other Titles to be known,
When *Harry Jermins* name alone, affords
As great and lowd a sound as any *Lords*.
Be still thy self then, and let others be
High as they will in place, what's that to thee?
Their worth is *all without*, but thine *within*,
And man 'tis fills the place, but worth fills him.
The *Title* of a worthy person's more
Then all the *Titles* which your *Clowns* adore;
And

And there's no *Office* we may greater call,
 Then doing of good *offices* to all:
 This is thy *Office*, these thy *Titles* are,
 The rest take those that list, thou dost not care.

Of an unworthy Nobleman.

SEe you yond' thing, that looks as if he'd cry
I am a Lord, a mile ere he comes nigh?
 And thinks to carry it, by being proud,
 Or looking *high* and *big*, and talking *loud*.
 But mark him well, you'll hardly finde enough,
 In the whole man, to make a *Laquey* of;
 And for his words, you'll scarcely pick from
 thence

So much of man, as comes to *common sence*.
 Such things as he, have nothing else of worth,
 But *place* and *title* for to set them forth.
 Just like a *Dwarf* drest up in *Gyants* cloaths,
 Bigger he'd seem, the lesser still he shows;
 Or like small *Statuas* on huge *Basis* set,
 Their highth's but onely makes them less great.

D

of

of a Worthy Noble man :
Or, William Duke of Newcastle.

BUt now behold a Nobleman indeed,
 Such as w^e admire in story when we read ;
 Who does not proudly look that you shud doff
 Your hat, and make a reverence twelvescore of ;
 Nor takes exceptions, if at every word
 You call him not *his Grace*, or else *my Lord* ;
 But does appear a hundred times more great
 By his neglect o^t, than by keeping state.
 He knows *Civility* and *Curtisie*,
 Are chiefest signes of true *Nobility* ;
 And that which gains them truest honourers,
 Is their *own Vertues*, not their *Ancesters*.
 By which through all degrees that he has past,
 Of *Vicount*, *Earl*, *Marquiss*, and *Duke* at last,
 H^eas always gain'd the general esteem
 Of honouring those, more than they honour'd him,

On the Lady Rockingham's
Nursing her Children her self.

HOW like to *Charity* this Lady stands,
 With one Child sucking, & other in her hands;
 Whilst

Whilst bounteous *Nature*, Mother of us all,
 Of her fair Breasts is not more Liberal !
 Those Ladies but half-Mothers are at best,
 Who give their *Womb*, whilst they deny their
Breast ;

And none deserve that name, but such as you,
 Who bring their Children forth, & nurse them too.
 Mirror of Mothers ! in whom all may see
 By what you are, what others ought to be,
 Ready like *Pelicans* for their young ones good,
 To give their very lives and vital blood.
 For so, if *milk* be *blond*, but cloath'd in white,
 You shew your self great *Straffords* daughter right
 Equally ready both forth' publick good,
 You for to give your *milk*, and he his *blond*

To her Noble Sister,
 The Lady Arabella Wentworth.

TO your fair Sex, y^e are best Example still,
 Of following *good*, and of declining *ill* :
 Who full as pure, and as unblemish'd go
 In this foul *World*, as *Ermins* on the *Snow* ;
 By never stirring foot upon the way,
 Without first asking *what will people say* ?
 Teaching th^e *unwary*, if they walk not clean,
 The fault's not in the *World* so much as *them* :

By which besides, that rare receipt y'ave got,
 To silence Rumour, and stop Slander's Throat,
 Whence you, and your Illustrious Sister are
 Each in their several kinds without compare;
 You for a matchless Virgin, she a Wife;
 The great examples of a virtuous life.

*In one who slandered a fair and
 virtuous Lady.*

THOU enemy of all that's fair and bright,
 As Fowls of darkness are unto the light:
 Monster of Monsters! Basilisk of spight!
 That killst with Tongue, as t'other does with sight,
 Slanderer of Ladies, and of them the best,
 Th'ast done an act, which all men must detest!
 Beauty's a thing Divine, and he that woud
 Wrong that, woud wrong Divinity if he coud:
 Who takes my purse, does but as Robbers do;
 Who takes my Fame, robs me, and kills me too;
 And with his venomous Tongue, and poysonous
 breath,

Woud if he coud, even kill us after death.

But I mistake, it is no infamy,

To be calumniated by such as thee:

Thou rather praisest us against thy will, (kill.

Like him who cur'd by chance, whom he woud

“ For

"For 'tis the same thing (rightly understood)
 "To be disprais'd by th'bad, as prais'd by th'good."

To a Lady
 Too confident of her Innocence.

M Adam, that you are Innocent I know,
 But th' world wants innocence to think
 you so ;

That's all so vicious grown, it won't allow,
 That any can be *fair* and *vertuous* now.

In *Saturn's* days, perhaps it might suffice,
 When to be innocent, was to be wise :

But now without the *Serpent's* wisdom too,
 The *Innocence* of the *Dove* will hardly do :

Go get you some more powerful defence,
 For *Vertue* then, besides your *Innocence* :

"For *Innocence*, but *Vertue* is unarm'd,

"The more you trust unto't, the more y'ar harm'd."

The Ladies name in Enigma.

H Er first name somewhat of *Elizium* has,

Her second is in a more miltick phrase ;

That colour which shews *venerable* age,

And does i'th' *morning* a *fair day* presage :

Unriddle now, and tell whose name this is,

Or forfeit a discretion if you miss.

To Mr. Bernard Howard,
 Brother to the Duke of Norfolk

I Grant you Sir, I have a minde unfit
 For my *low fortune*, much too high for it :
 But sure you'll grant 'tis better have it so,
 Than for *high fortune*, t'have a minde too low ;
 By that, a man is elevated to
 An *Angels* height, attain'd by onely few :
 By *this* the Noble Soul is even deprest
 Unto the *Vulgar*, almost to the *Beast*. (stoops,
 I'm none of these same *cringing* things that
 Just like a *Tumbler* when he vaults through *hoops*,
 Or *Daw* or *Magpy*, when at first it pecks,
 Alternately their *tails* above their *becks*.
 I care not for *high place*, nor can I raise
 My self unto it by base unworthy ways ;
 And if *wealth* in as base unworthy lye,
 For me, let low minds stoop for't, mine's too high.
 Nor care I what the *ignorant vulgar* say,
 For being not of their *number*, nor their *way* :
 They do but talk, and can't in judgement sit,
 Nor lyes it in their *verge* to judge of it.
 I put my self upon the onely few,
 That is, the *best* and *worthiest*, such as you.

of

Of a happy life.

WHo e'er woud live a *happy life* indeed,
 And wholly be from *care & trouble* freed,
 Must first stand well with *God*, & then with *Man*,
 Must have as little buceness as he can;
 Must care for nothing, that he cannot have,
 And nothing others can deprive him of.
 And above all must fly ambition,
 To be to great *Men*, or to *Princes* known.
 For who lives so, no *Princes* smile nor frown,
 Can either raise him up, or cast him down;
 And neither hopes to rise, nor fears to fall,
 Does live the best and happiest life of all.

Of Clorinda's Excellence.

AS when the *Sun* appears, the *Birds of night*
 Make haste away, and all are put to flight:
 So when the bright *Clorinda* does appear,
 All wanton *Lovers* fly the sight of her:
 To whom, to talk of *Love* were high offence,
 Who's so wrapt up in every Excellence,
 As i'th' unfolding of them one by one,
 You never shud to onely *Women* come.

Love is for meaner *Beauties*, such as theirs,
 In whom there nothing else but *Sex* appears:
 But as for her, who ever dares aspire
 Farther, then for to reverence and admire,
Ixions fate to such shud be allow'd,
 Who steed of *Juno*, but imbrac'd a cloud;
 And thy in Justice, onely shud invent,
 To punish them, *Ixions* punishment.

*On the equal mixture of blood and water,
 After letting blond of
 Mademoiselle de Beauvais.*

Quest. **O**F this just mixture and equalitie,
 Of water & blood, what shud the rea-
 son be?

Ans. The Reason's clear, forced to part with her,
 Each drop of blond for grief did shed a tear.

*On Cicilannas blushing
 When the King beheld her.*

SO *Roses* blush, when lookt on by the *Sun*,
 As she, when by the *King* she's lookt upon;
 And so of all fair things we nothing see,
 More fair in Nature, than the *Sun* and *She*.

If

If things take name from their Original,
 We well her *blushes*, *Royal ones* may call;
 And if w^e ave lost the *Royal purple's* stain,
 It in her *Cheeks* may well be found again.
 So, as 'tisigne the *Sun* is drawing near,
 When fair *Aurora* blushing does appear:
 To see her blushing when she sees him come,
 You'd say *she* were *Aurora*, he the *Sun*.

In small-Beer.

NOW pox & plague to boot on this same *small-Beer*, we may well the *Divels Julip* call:
 Distill'd from Lembeck of some *Lapland witch*,
 With *Northwinds*-bellows blowing in her breech;
 Or stale of some cold *Hag* o'th' *Marshes*, who
 Than *water* never better *Liquor* knew:
 A *penitential drink* for none by right, (night;
 But those i'th' morning, who were drunk o'er
 Sure 'twas the poyson (as the *Learned* think)
 They gave condemned *Socrates* to drink:
 Or that, the *Macedonian* drank, so cold,
 As nothing but an *Asses houff* could hold.
 They were deceiv'd, it was not *Niobes* moan,
 But drinking *small-Beer*, turnd her unto stone.
 And 'tis that infallibly which now has made
 All *Charity* so cold, and th' *World* so bad.

If

If then *Divines* woud mend it, let them preach
 'Gainst small-Beer onely, and no Doctrine teach;
 But *drinking wine*, and then you soon shud see;
 All in Religion easily woud agree.
 This were a Doctrine worthy of their heat
 And furious beating th' *Pulpit* till they sweat.

In the Small-pox.

THOU greatest enemy that *Beauty* has !
 The very *Goth* and *Vandal* of a face;
 On which thou mak'st as foul or fouler work,
 Than does thy cousen *Meezles* upon *Pork*,
 One of those *Devils*, which by power Divine,
 Cast out of man once, went to th' heard of *Swine*,
 And giving them the *Pox*, art come agen
 To play the *Devil*, as thou didst with *men* ?
 To bid a *Plague* upon thee now; that curse
 Thou anticipates already, for th'art worse,
 Or great *Pox* on thee, we shud curse but ill,
 For thou'rt more great, in being the small-*Pox* still.
 But get thee gone, and soon too, or I know
 A way I'm sure will quickly make thee go ;
 But send for *Doctor*--- and you'll see
 We with a vengeance shall be rid of thee.

To *Mis Davies*,
On her excellent dancing.

Dear *Mis*,

W^Ho woud not think to see thee dance so
light,

Thou wer't all *air*, or else all *soul* and *spirit*?

Or who'd not say, to see thee onely tread,

Thy feet were *Feathers*, others feet but lead?

Atalanta well coud run, and *Hermes* flee,

But none ere mov'd more gracefully than thee:

And *Cicrès* charm'd with wand, & *Magick Lore*,

But none like thee ere charm'd with feet before.

Thou Miracle! whom all men must admire

To see thee move like *air*, and mount like *fire*!

Those who woud follow thee, or come but nigh

To thy perfection, must not dance, but fly.

The *Patrons Lives*,
To the Lord of, &c.

M^Y Lord, if you'll attention give,
I'll tell you how the *Patrons* live:
First of all, they neither care,
Nor for *Clock*, nor *Calender*.

Next

Next they ne'r desire to know,
 How *affairs o'th' world* do go.
 Above all they ne'r resort
 To the busie *Hall* nor *Court* :
 Where most men do nothing else
 But trouble others, and themselves.
 All the business they look after,
 Onely is their *sport* and *laughter*,
 With a *friend*, and *cheerful cup*,
 Merily to *dine* and *sup* -
Hear good Musick, see a Play ;
 Thus they pass the time away :
 And if you like our living thus,
 Come my *Lord* and live with us.

On a Helſtor,
Beaten and draged away
by the Conſtable.

Still to bedrag'd ! still to beaten thus !
Helſtor I fear thy name is ominous ;
 And thou for fighting didſt but ill provide,
 To take thy name thus from the beaten ſide :
 To have *Watchmen* ſtill like band of *Mirmidons*,
 Beat thee with *Halbards* down, and break thy
 boans ?

And

And every petty *Constable* thou meets,
Achillis-like to drag thee through the Streets?
 Poor *Hector*! when th'art beaten blind and lame,
 I hope thou'lt learn to take another name.

Of an Epicure.

A *N Epicure* is one of those,
 No *God* besides his belly knows;
 And that *Religion* bett does think,
 Where a he findes best meat and drink.
 Who for his *Palate* and his *Gust*,
 Has quite forgot all other *Lust*,
 And hugs a *bottle*, as he woud
 A *Mis*, when the *Wine* is good.
 Who lays about him like a *Gyant*,
 When he findes a *morsel* friand;
 And so long has cram'd his *gut*,
 He's nothing else from *head* to *foot*.
 When you such an one do meet,
 Or in *Tavern*, or in *Street*;
 By his *bulk* you may be sure,
 Such an one's an *Epicure*.

To

To *Misa*, made Anno 52.

NOW what a Divil *Misa* makes,
Thee with such eyes behold me still ?
'Cause from thee *Time* thy *good looks* takes,
Must I therefore have thy ill ?

I prethy *Misa* don't behold
Me thus, as if I were thy foe ;
For howsoever thou art old,
I am not *Time* that made thee so.

So rather then to quarrel with me,
As if 'twere I had done thee wrong :
Go quarrel with thy *age*, I prithy,
Whose fault 'tis thou hast liv'd so long.

Howe'er for me, thou well mayst spare
Thy Anger, and thy frowns may cease ;
Who for thy *good looks* little care,
Does for thy *bad ones* care much less.

To the same,
Woulst she'd needs look fair and young.

L Et *Autumnus* paint her wither'd leaves,
And *Winter* dye his *Snowy* hair;
Yet he's a Fool that not perceives
They either dyed, and painted ar.

So while thou'lt needs look young again,
And still seem fair unto the sight;
Misa thy labour's all in vain,
Like his woud wash the *Ethiops* white.

Who lookt well in *King James's* reign,
And in *King Charles's*, old appeard,
Will hardly now look young again,
When th' *Common-wealth* has got a beard.

Then *Misa* follow my advise,
And leaving off thy bootless care;
Strive rather to gain *hearts* than *eyes*,
And to appear more good than fair.

Good counsel to an Enemy,

NO more for shame ! but let's be friends agen,
 And let's remember w^ar not *beasts* but *men*,
Beasts out of natural instinct fight, but we
 Shud out of natural instinct now agree :
 This *baiting one another*, is but just
 Like *Bear-baiting*, where those who seem the most
 Delighted with't, nor love the *Dog* nor *Bear*,
 But onely th^r *sport* to see them rend and tear
 Each other, and themselves who'd harm and hurt
 As *beasts* do, onely to make others sport ?
 No more for shame then, let's be friends agen,
 And still remember w^are not *beasts*, but *men*.

The Liberty.

FREE as I was born I'll live,
 So shud every wiseman do ;
 Onely Fools they are who give,
 Their freedoms to I know not who,

If my weakness cannot save it,
 But 't must go, what ere it cost ;
 Some more strong than I shall have it,
 Who can keep what I have lost ?

Still

Still some excellency shud be,
 More i'th' *Mr.* than the *Slave*,
 Which in others still I see;
 None my liberty shall have.

Nor is't excellency enough,
Time or *chance* can marr or make;
 But't shall be more lasting stuff
 Shall from me my freedom take.

Those to whom I'll give away,
 That which none too dear can buy,
 Shall be made of better clay,
 And have better souls than I.

To the Lord John Bellasis.

TIs not to *honour*, but be *honour'd* by't,
 I mention you, my Lord, in what I write.
 Since to my Book can be no *greater Fame*,
 Nor *greater honour* unto me again:
 Then to have him, who has the *Fame* to be
 His *Countries honour*, thus to honour me.

*To the Lady Elizabeth Gage,
 On her Marriage and Conversation
 to the C. Religion.*

NEV'r was greater Testimony given (ver
 (*Madam*) how *Marriages* are made in *Hea-*
 E Then

Then is by yours that both *Religion* had,
 For *making* it, and hath *Religion* made :
 So as if *Marriges* be holy all,
 We this of yours may doubly holy call,
 In which y'ave doubly offer'd up your vows,
 Both to your *heavenly*, and your *earthly* Spouse:
 Whence 'tis a joyful one indeed, has made
 Not onely *Men*, but even the *Angels* glad;
 To whom it does more properly belong,
 Than unto *us* to sing your Nuptial Song.
 Which whilst *above* i'th' higher world they do,
 We here below congratulate them and you.

To the Lord George Barkley.

SINCE as by clear experience we see,
Vertue is onely true Nobility.
 There's none gives greater proof of it than you
 (My Lord) that your Nobility is true :
 And that 't may so continue, you provide,
 By adding to't true *Piety* beside.
 " For *Piety* is but *Vertue* dyed in grain,
 Can ne'r change colour, nor take spot or stain.
 Such Courtiers *Heaven* desires, & such Kings shud
 Desire too, if they'd have them *great* and *good* :
 Happy the whilst (my Lord) are such as you,
 Fit both for th' *heavenly* Court, and *earthly* too.

Of Friends and Foes.

TWO Painters (friend and foe) once went a-
bout

To paint *Antigones* whose *one eye was out*,
which t'on to *shew*, and t'other for to *hide*;
That turn'd his *blinde*, and this his *better side*.
Just so 'twixt *Friends* and *Foes* men are exprest,
By halves set forth, whilst they conceal the rest:
None, as their *Friends* or *Foes*, depaint them
Being ever *half so bad*, or *half so good*. (woud.

On the Riches o' th' Barbadoes,
to Mr. H. D. Esq;

HOW Rich *Barbadoes* is of other things,
We well may see by th' *wealthy Trade* it
How rich it is in *men*, we well may see, (brings:
By binging fourth *brave Drax* such men as thee.

On the Marriage of the Lord Brakley,
Wisthe Lady Elizabeth Cranfield, made An. 65.

THE fairest Flower of *Cranfields Race*,
And noblest branch of *Edgerton*,
Accompanied with every *Grace*,
By *Hymen* now are joyn'd in one.

And now the Nuptial rites are past;
 In passing o'er the rest was done:
 Let's to the Bridal Chamber haste,
 Where th' *Bridgroom* longs I'm sure to come;

Go happy Youth, and taste abed,
 The pleasures far *Eliza* yeilds;
 By far surpassing all that's sed,
 O'th' pleasures o'th' *Elizian* Fields.

And fair *Eliza* bee'nt affraid
 O'th' *Bug-bears* of a Married life;
 Those fears which haunt you now a *Maid*,
 Will vanish soon when y'are a *Wife*.

And in their place such joys shall leave,
 When once you are a *Mother* grown:
 No humane thought can ere conceive,
 Or ere b' exprest by humane Tongue!

On his Arara.

Drowned in his return from *Brasil*:

THou how so like unto the *Phenix* wer't
 In *shape* and *plumes*, and almost every part
 That

That so unlike shud be your destiny,
That shud by *Fire*, and thou by *Water* dye !

Consolation
To Poor Porters,

TAke courage *Porter*, every one must bear
Somewhat or other whilst they carry here ;
And every one (if that be good) are free,
As well as thou, o'th' *Porters* Company.
Nor is't so base a Trade perhaps as thou
Imagin'st it, since if that saying be true :
Great honours, are great burthens we may call
The *Porters* Trade, the honourablest of all.

Out of *Ronsard*,
Of a happy life.

CEluy n'est pas heureux, qu'on monstre par
la rue,
Que le peuple cognoit, que le peuple salue ;
Mais heureux est celuy, que la Gloire n'es point,
Que ne cognoit personne, & qu'on ne cognoit
point.

The same in English.

HE is not happy, they point at i'th' Streets,
Whom the people does know, and salutes
as it meets :

But happy is he who ambition has none,
Nor others to know, nor by others be known.

*To certain Ladys,
Who said they like not your old Wits.*

Ladies, you like not your old Wits, you say,
And what *new ones* are those you like I pray?
Perhaps y'ave squeemish stomachs just like those
Loath wonted fare, and'd have some new *quelqu*
chose.

And 'tis the nature of *Green-sickness* Wits,
As 'tis of your *Green-sickness* Appetits :
T^oon in the *souls*, & ^other the *bodies* food,
To like the *bad*, and to *mislike* the good :
Or just as *Hereſie* at first begun,
With crying down the old Religion,
So 'tis a kinde of *Hereſie* in you,
To cry down *old Wits*, and cry up the *new* !
If ſo, Ladies, o'th' *new* ſay what you will,
With your good leave, I'm for the *old ones* ſtill.

Of Friends and Acquaintance.

W^HO 'twixt *Acquaintances* and *Friends*
does make.

No difference, is just like him does take
Each pebble-stone, of which enough are found
In each High-way, for some *Rich Diamond*.
A *Friend's* a *Cabinet-piece*, and to be sought
All the World o'er, nor can too dear be bought,
Whilst t'other's a cheap trivial thing, you meet,
And take up when you please in every street.
Believe not all who friendship then protest,
But prove them first, and after chuse the best:
For he who every one a *friend* does call,
In time of need shall finde no *friend* at all.

The Ant.

L^Ittle thinkst thou poor *Ant* who there
With so much pains in so short time,
A grain or two to th' *Celt* dost bear,
There's greater work i'th' world than thine.

I'th' small Republick too at home,
Where thou'rt perhaps some *Majestrate*;
Little think'st thou, when thou dost come,
There's greater in the world than that.

Nor is't such wonder now in thee,
 No more o'th' world, nor things dost know,
 That all thy minde o'th' ground shud be,
 And thoughts on things so poor and low.

But that *man* so base minde shud bear
 To fix it on a clot of Ground;
 As there no other business were,
 Nor greater world for to be found.

He so much of the man does want,
 As *metamorphoz'd* quite agen,
 Whilst thou'rt but *man* turn'd *groveling ant*,
 Such *grovelers* seem but *ants* turn'd *men*.

How to bear neglects,

LET it not trouble thee, when any woud,
 Put a *neglect* upon thee, if they could:
 But minde it not, and *thy neglect* will be
 More great of *them*, then *theirs* can be of *thee*.

On Madam Master.

OF *Madam* it may well be sed,
 That *Madam's* head has little Wit,
 When *Madam's* Husband is head,
 And *Madam* makes a Fool of it.

On

On Doctor Cornute.

WHo so *famous* was of late,
 He was with *Finger* pointed at;
 What cannot learning do, and single state?
 Being marryed, he so *famous* grew,
 As he was pointed at with *two*,
 What cannot learning and a Wife now do?

On Simple.

Simple made *much* ado, and much offence
 He took, for saying he *scarce* had *common*
sence;
 Till saying he had, and *very* common too,
 Simple was pleas'd, and made no more ado.

On Married Ministers.

IF both i'th' *Spiritual* and *Temporal* War,
 Their *Wives* but *Raggage* of the *Armies* are;
 We

We well may say, your *Ministers* who Marry,
VVhilst others fight, do with the *Baggage* tarry.

In pravos Aulicos.

IF as they say *Courts* are like *Heaven*, & *Kings*
Like *Gods*, sure *Courriers* shud be holy things;
Like *Angels*, from which state when once they fall,
As *Divels* did, the *Divel* take them all.

In Invidum.

WHen ere thou see'st me take *delight*,
In any thing thou *burst'st with spight*.
And so thou dost at every thing,
That does me good, or profit bring.
Thou *burst'st with spight*, to see that I
Am still in noble *Company*;
And *honour* I receive from them,
Does make thee *burst with spight* agen.
And if my *honour*, my *delight*,
And *profit*, makes thee *burst with spight*;
And all my good, does prove thy ill,
I prethy *burst with spight* of't still.

of

Of an Evil Tongu'd person:

THOU hast so many Tongues as *Cerberus*, nor
Seven-headed *Hydra*, scarcely could have
more :

The *lying, cogging, and dissembling* Tongue ;
The *spightful, rayling, and malicious* one ;
The *foul and beastly, the Satyrical* ;
The *lewd, and slanderous* one, and above all,
The *scurrilous & profane*. Strange ! that one should
Amongst so many Tongues have *never a good* !

In eundem.

WHILT I repay with *handsome Railerie*;
Thy *base and ugly rayling* against me ;
Thou call'st me *foul-mouth'd* for't, thy self thou
means,
As those in *Lewkners-lane*, call Ladies *Queans*.

In eundem.

THe same advantage, thou hast over those,
Who have some *Fame*, whilst thou hast
none o' loose ;
As Gamsters have, who play o'th' *Tick* with one,
Who has some *money*, whilst themselves have
none.

In

In Inimicum.

Since all some *Enemies* needs must have, I'm
glad
That such as thou mine *Enemies* are made;
For as I'th' *field*, the *worthiest* are best,
So out o'th' *field*, still the *unworthiest*.

In eundem.

I See thou art resolv'd in *spight*,
To cry down every thing I write;
And I'm resolv'd in *spight* of thee,
To write so, thou asham'd shalt be,
Both of thy *Envy*, and thy *Spight*,
To cry down every thing I Write.

*On M. Afoto,**An apocryphal Captain.*

IF with the *Cynick* we away shud fling
Every unuseful, and superfluous thing,
I nothing know, thou better couldst afford
Tossing away *Afoto*, than thy sword.

*Of the Application
of these Epigrams.*

W^Hilst I (on purpose not to have them
known)

Present in *Mask* and *Vizard* any one,
And they themselves, or any else (*in fine*)
Shall *pluck it off*, the fault is *theirs*, not *mine*.

On Sir Querulous Coxcomb.

T^Here are two sorts, with which he can't agree,
All that are *better*, & all are *worse* than he:
Do you secure him for the better sort,
And for the worse I'll secure him for't.

On a Rich vain-glorious Miser.

T^Hou boasts thy *money*, and if that be all,
Thy praise, and commendations is but small;
For every *Cobler* may with *industry*
And *pains*, (in *Time*) boast that as well as thee:
Money's like *muck*, that's profitable while
'T serves for manuring of some *fruitful* Soyl;

BUT

BUT on a *barren* one (like thee) methinks
'Tis like a *Dung-hil*, that lyes still and stinks.

To one

Who desired him not to name him.

I Wonder why thou shudst be so asham'd,
Amongst such noble persons to be nam'd !
Unless thou think's thee unworthy of it? if so,
Th'ast reason for't, and I'm of thy minde too.

To one

Who desired him to name her.

YOu'd have me name you, & I would not name
Any, but onely those of *better Fame* :
I prethy then, that we two may agree,
Go bring a *better Fame* along with thee.

Against Covetousness.

WHilst those for *wealth* do sell their *liberty*,
Call't *Angling* for the *golden-Fish*, for me ;
Loving my *liberty* as I do, I look
Upon't as *fishing* with a *Golden-hook*.

And

And he who spends his life in getting wealth,
 And to increase his Store consumes himself;
 Does just to me as very a Fool appear,
As he, sold's horse, to buy him provinder.

To one that shall be nameless:

TO those from whom, I for reward can't look
 So much as comes to th'*binding* of my Book;
 Much less the *printing*, why shud I present
 It to 'um, unless 't be out of complement?
 And I don't like such complements as those,
 Where one gets nothing, and is sure to loose.

To the same.

I'M in great straits! for first I do believe,
 Shud I ask any thing, you'd nothing give;
 Then if I shud not, you'd ne'er think of me,
 What shud I do in this extremitie?

Why I write not of Love.

YOU fain woud have me writ of *Love*, & say;
 It may be *chaste* and *vertuous*, so it may:
 But howsoe'er *vertuous* and *chaste* it be,
 It yet does come so nigh *unchastitie*:

And

And is so stiepe and slippery a precipice;
 One rashly thence does slide and fall to vice.
 Wherefore let who's list write of it for me,
 I'll keep me, if I can, from th' danger free.

L'Envoye

To the Readers.

Authors use to make you feasts;
 Books the fare, and Readers guests;
 Judgement, Caterer and Wit,
 The Cook for the seasoning it:
 All which when on the Table set,
 The Author who provides you meat,
 Does pray you heartily to fall
 Unto't, and says, *y^e are welcome all.*

Theatrical



THEATRICAL EPIGRAMS.

The Third BOOK.

of Plays and Actors

YOU rail at *Plays*, th'are idle things you
say,
Faith so's the *world*, for all is but a *Play*;
And difference 'twixt them, there is none at all;
But t'on's the *Copy*, t'other th' *Original*;
And as the *World* is but a *Theater*, so
All that are in it are but *Actors* too;
Let none dispise then the dramatick *Art*,
Since none that's in the world, but *Acts* their part;
This of the *Stage*, then let's at last conclude,
For satisfying the ignorant multitude;
That of all *Recreations*, when well us'd
It is the *best*, as *worst* when 'tis abus'd.

F

Of Poets.

Our *lives* we trust to the *Physicians* care,
 For *manners*, *Poets* our *Physicians* are;
 Their way to profit and delight, their End
 To commend *Virtue*, *Vice* to discommend,
 Of which unless they take especial care,
 They rather *Poysoners* then *Physicians* are:
 And just like *Poysoners* too, shud have their hire,
 To be themselves and poyson cast i'th' fire.

On Sir Common Critick.

Wilst thou on every thing so fast dost spend
 Thy judgement, as twoud never have an
 end.
 Prethy take heed thou spendst it not so fast,
 To leave thy self no judgement at the last.

To the judicious Censurer.

But unto thee who knowst the Rules of Art,
 And judgst not out of ignorance, but desert;
 Whose head like empty ballances is not sway'd,
 But all things there judiciously are weigh'd.
 There's

There's none that's wise, but willingly woud
submit

All that he writes, to judge and censure it ;
And shud far more prefer thy judgement then,
That of whole Theaters full of other men ;
Who think perhaps that difference, there is none
'Twixt *judging* and *condemning* every one ;
While th' *wise* do onely know to *judge* like you,
For to *condemn*, that every *Fool* can do.

On the Cinical Censurer.

TIs but a cruel sport thou hast to go
To *Theaters*, as to *Bear-baitings* they do,
And *Bandog-like* to fall upon the *Play*,
Woory the *Poet*, and then go their way ;
As some *great Anter*, thou forsooth hast done,
When every day *dogs* do as *great* an one.

*On the death
of Sir William Davenant.*

NOw *Davenant's* dead, the *Stage* will mourn,
And all to *Barbarism* turn ;
Since he it was this latter age,
Who chiefly civiliz'd the *Stage*.

He knew's *decorum*, and the *Art*,
 To fit his *properties* to's *part*,
 His *part* unto the *Actors*, and
 All to the *dramma* h'ad in hand.

And if the *Stage* or *Theater* be
 A little *world*, 'twas onely he,
 Who *Atlas-like* supported it,
 By force of *Industry* and *Wit*.

Not onely *Dedalus* arts he knew,
 But even *Promethius's* too;
 And *living Machines* made of men,
 As well as *dead ones* for the *Scene*.

All this, and more he did beside;
 Which having finished he dy'd;
 If he may properly be sed
 To dye, whose *Fame* will ne'er be dead:

of his Plays.

AS for his *Plays*, the *Unfortunats Lovers*,
 The depth of *Tragedy* discovers;
 In's *Love and Honour* you may see,
 The height of *Trage-comedy*.

And

And for his *Wits*, the Comick fire
 In none yet ever flam'd up higher.
 But coming to his *Siege of Rhodes*,
 It out goes all the rest by odds,
 And somewhat's in't that does out do
 Both *Ancients* and the *Moderns* too.
 And thus you see h^eas left behind,
 In's Plays, the best of every kinde.

On Mr. Abraham Cowly.

Cowley's not dead, immortal is his *Muse*,
 Or if he be, a *Phoenix* he's become;
 Who unique in his kinde, his life renues
 By animating's *Ashes* in his Tomb.

The same in French.

Non, Cowley n'est pas mort, sa *Muse* est
 Immortelle
 Ou bien si Cowley est mort, c'est un *Phenix*
 nouveau,
 Qui n'ayant son pareil, soy mesme renouvelle
 Et suruit a sa cendre animant son Tombe au.

To Mr. John Dreyden.

D*reyden* the Muses darling and delight,
 Than whom none ever flew so high a flight,
 Some have their vains so droſie, as from earth,
 Their Muses onely ſeem to have taſte their birth.
 Others but *water-Poets* are, have gon
 No farther than to th' *Fount of Helicon* :
 And they'r but *airy ones*, whoſe *Muſe* ſoars up
 No higher than to mount *Parnaffus* top ;
 Whilt thou, with thine, doſt ſeem to have mount-
 ed higher,
 Then he who fetcht from *Heaven* Celeſtial fire :
 And doſt as far ſurpaſs all others, as
Fire does all other Elements ſurpaſs.

On a bungling dramatick Poet.

Since thou muſt needs write Playes, it is thy fate,
 And ours to be ſo plagu'd with them of late ;
 We are as feard as of the plague, and more,
 When we but ſee thy Bills upon the Door ;
 It ſeems that every one their *madneſs* has,
Actors to Act them, we to ſee thy Playes ;
 And *thou* to write them, queſtion which of all,
 We may the moſt and greateſt *madneſs* call ;

For

For curing which, *Apollo* must be fain,
To let thee bloud in the *Poetique* vain;
And give to *us*, and th' *Actors* Hel-bor,
If ere they act, or ere we see them more

*The Author of a good Play not Acted,
To the Author of an ill one Acted.*

(say

THEIR *Wit & Judgement*'s small, we well may
By th' *Acting*, or not *Acting*, judge the Play;
For 'tis not th' *Acting* (rightly understood)
But *writing* makes the Play, or *bad*, or *good*;
If *good* (like mine) then 'tis the *Actors* fault,
And not the *Writers*, if they act it not.
But if't be *bad* (like thine) then if they do
'Tis both the *Actors* fault, and *Writers* too.

Of the difference

Betwixt the Ancient and Modern Playes.

IF any one the difference woud know,
Betwixt the *Ancient Playes* and *Modern* now;
In *Ancient Times* none ever went away,
But with a glowing bosome from a Play,
With somewhat they had *heard*, or *seen*, so fierd,
They seem to be *Celestially* inspir'd,
Now you have onely some few light conceits,
Like *Squibs & Crackers*, neither warms nor heats;

And sparks of Wit as much as you'd desire,
 But nothing of a true and solid fire :
 So hard 'tis now for any one to write
 With *Johnson's* fire, or *Fletcher's* flame & spright:
 Much less inimitable *Shakspeare's* way,
Promethian-like to animate a play.

Valediction

To the Stage and Dramatick Poetry.

I Who so much have lov'd thee heretofore,
 When thou wer't chaste, do love thee now no
 But like some common Mrs. give thee o'er (more,

By which all those who blam'd me for't, may see
 I onely lov'd thee for thy chastity,
 Which now th'ast lost, th'ast lost a friend of me,

And as for those who have debauch'd thee so,
 I publicly declare my self their foe,
 As by this following piece the world shall know.

In your scurrilous and obscene Dramatick Poets.

Shame and disgrace o' th' *Actors* and the *Age*,
 Poet more fit for th' *Brothel* than the Stage!
 Who makes thy Mufe a *Strumpet*, and she thee
 Bawd to her lust, and so you well agree:

Bawdy

Bawdry however washt is foul enough,
 But thou dost writ such foul unwashed stuff,
 Thou onely seems to have taken all the pain,
 To write for *Whitestones-parke*, or *Lewknors-lane*:
 And *Water-poets* we have had good store,
 But never *Kennel ones* till thee before.
 What *Diuel* made the write? for sure there's none
 Coud write so bad, without the help of one,
 Which till't be exercis'd, and quite cast out,
 Th'art onely fit to write for th' common rout;
 And with thy impudent lines, and scurrilous stile,
 To make *Fools* laugh, & *wisemen* blush the while,

*On the spoiling and mangling
 of one of his Plays.*

A Las poor Play! for never *Orpheus*
 By frantick bands was torn & mangled thus!
 Better I'd barren been, for this is worse,
 Then t'have the *Fairys* steal ones child from nurse,
 And make a Changling of 't. But 'tis in vain,
 For things are past prevention to complain.
 'Tis th' common fate of *Poets* now-a-days,
 T' have such as these mangle & spoil their Plays;
 And there is scarcely any one that scapes,
 Th' unskilful tampering of these *Poet-Apes*;
 For which, all th'harm that I coud wish to them,
 May, never *Poet* write for them agen:

But

But they be forc'd to Act *old Plays* like those
 For want of new, are forc'd to wear *old Cloathes*;
 And come o'th' *Stage* all tattered and poor,
 In old cast futes, which *Field* and *Burbadge*
 wear.

*On our late Prologues
 and Epilogues.*

'**A**S *Horse-courfers* their *Horses* set to sale,
 With Ribonds on their *Foreheads* and their
Tail :
 So all our *Poets* gallantry now-a-days
 Is in the *Prologues*, and *Epilogues* of their *Plays*.

*On the Play of the life of Pyrocles,
 Prince of Tyre.*

A*Rs longa, vita brevis* as they say, (*Play*.
 But who *inverts* that saying made this

PROLOGUE,
For the revival of his Damoiselles a la mode,
Acted by his Majesties Servants.

THIS Play of ours, just like some *Vest* or *Jup*,
 Worn twice or thrice, was carefully laid up :
 And

And after for sometime it so had lain,
 Is now brought forth, as good as new again;
 For having the honour of our *Masters* fight,
 And happiness of giving him delight,
 Our Author thought his business was done,
 But great part of our business is to come:
 He onely lookt after the *pleasure* of it,
 But we must look as well into our *profit*;
 He car'd but for an Audience or two,
 But that on our account will hardly do.
 And to conclude, he had his end agen,
 In pleasing those who onely saw it then:
 But we must please you now, or we'd be sorry,
 Since onely for that end w've kept it for ye.

The Epilogue.

AND now what think ye o'th' *Damoiselles a la mode*?

We hope none grutches money th'ave bestow'd,
 In seeing them, or if that any here (dear,
 Does think for seeing them, they have paid too
 We wish that for the *mode* and *Damoiselle* stoo,
 They ne'er may dearer pay, than now they do.

Prologue

PROLOGUE,

*Intended for his Physician against his will,
In a Fools Coat.*

I'M sure to see me thus for Prologue stand,
You'll think some fooling business is in hand;
A thing so common now, as if you finde it
In every Coat as well as mine you finde it.
And now since fooling is so much in fashion,
This we'll say for th' Stages commendation;
That of all sorts of Fooling now-a-days,
The best and innocentst is that of Plays:
For this our Play (as in the Bill you'll see)
'Tis call'd a *Farce*, and not a *Comedy*,
'Cause 'tis an Antick, Drolling-piece affords,
You *mimick* gesture, to your *comick* words:
And just as *figs* to otheir *Airs*, so this
Is unto other *Plays* and *Comedies*:
'Tis merryer then a *Comedy* by halph,
And does not onely make you smile but laugh:
T'on stirs up mirth in you, t'other comes after,
And spight o' your teeth makes you burst forth
in laughter.

Those who love mirth and laughter then may stay,
And have their fills of 't ere they go away,
And those who woud have serious Plays in Rhyme
May go their ways, and come another time.

Songs

Songs in Playes.

Chorus.

*In his Play of Loves Kingdom,
Incensing and Lustrating the place.]*

FAr hence be all profane, whilst here
With solemn Rites thus every year,
To render every Lover true,
We Element *Loves Kingdom* new.
That no breast too strongly beat,
We give his *Fiers* a temperate heat;
We give its *Waters* vertuous force
To slack them, taken in their source;
Fogg of perjur'd vows and oaths,
Which fair *Truth* and *Candor* loaths:
We purge the *Air* from, and the *Earth*
From every foul and monstrous birth:
For as some Lands their *Monsters* fear,
Unruly *Lust's* our *Monster* here.
As others *poys'non* beasts molest,
So *Avarice* is our *poys'non* beast.

From

From which when once a land is freed,
Then *Loves Kingdom* 'tis indeed.

Invocation of silence in the same Play.

SACRED *silence* thou that art
Floud-gate of the deeper heart;
Of spring of a heavenly kinde,
Frost o'th' mouth, and thaw o'th' minde.
Admirations readiest Tongue,
Leave thy Desert shades among,
Reverend Hermits hallowed Cells,
Where retyr'd devotion dwells,
With thy *Enthusiasmes* come,
Ceaze this *Nymph*, and strike her dumb.

*The Commutation
Of Love and Death's Darts.*

LOVE and Death o'th' way once meeting,
Having past a friendly greeting,
Sleep their weary eye-lids closing,
Lay them down themselves reposing.
Love whom divers cares molested,
Coud not sleep, but whilst death rested:
All in haste away he posts him,
But his haste too dearly costs him.

For it chanc'd that going to sleeping,
 Both had given their *Darts* in keeping
 Unto *night*, who *Errors* Mother,
 Blindly knowing not t'on from t'other;
 Gave *Love*, *Deaths*, and ne'er perceiv'd it,
 Whilst as blindly *Love* receiv'd it.
 Since which time their *Darts* confounding,
Love now kills instead of wounding:
Death our hearts with sweetness filling,
 Gently wounds instead of killing.

The description of noble Love:

NOW *Lovers*, in a word to tell
 What *Noble Love* is, mark me well.
 It is the *Counterpoise* that mindes
 To fair and vertuous things inclines,
 It is the *gust* we have and *sence*
 Of every noble excellence.
 It is the *pulse* by which we know,
 Whether our souls have life or no;
 And such a soft and gentle fire,
 As kindles and inflames desire;
 Until it all like *Incense* burns,
 And unto melting sweetness turns.

Song.

Song.

Celia weeps, and those fair Eyes,
Which were *diamonds* before ;
Whose precious value none could surprize,
Defolves into a pearly shower.

Celia smiles, and strait does render
Her Eyes *diamonds* again ;
Which after shine with greater splendor,
As the *Sun* does after Rain.

And if the Reason now you'd know,
Why *Pearls* and *Diamonds* fall and rise ;
Their prices just goe high and low,
As they are worn in *Celia's* Eyes.

Song.

The mock Lover.

Of all your *Fools* the *Lover*
Does greatest folly discover,
Who's always crying and weeping,
Like *School-boys* after a whipping,
To see a great Lubber
To whine and to blubber

And

And hear them cry out upon *Cupid*,
 With gesture so antick,
 You'd think he were frantick,
 There's nothing in Nature so stupid.

2.

Your natural Fools we pitty,
 And *delight* in those that are witty :
 But he who's a *Fool* for love,
 Nor *delight* nor pitty does move ;
 These onely are Toyes
 For Girles and for Boyes,
 And never move to compassion ;
 When *Cupid* has Eyes,
 And *Lovers* are wise,
 They'll love in another fashion.

The mock Marriage,

A drolling Song.

YOU're to be *maid* or *married*, as they say,
 To day or to morrow, to morrow or to day :
 But be it, as they say,
 To morrow or to day,

G

For

And

For your comfort yet I pray,
 Take this by the way,
 Your marry'd folk are fickle,
 Your marriage ware is brittle,
 And 'twixt *Merryage*,
 And *Marriage*,
 Is difference not a little.

A Rural Dialogue.

Cho. **O**Nce a *Nymph* & *Shepherd* meeting,
 Never past there such a greeting;
 Nor was heard 'twixt such a pair,
 Plainer dealing than was there:
 He pay'd *women*, and she *men*,
 He flights her, she him again.
 Words with words were over thwarted,
 Thus they meet, and greet, and parted.

Sk. He who never takes a wife,
 Lives a most contented life.

Ni. She her whole contentment looses,
 Who a Husband ever chooses.

Si. I, of *women* know too much,
 Ere to care for any such

Ni. I of *men* too much do know,
To care where ere you do no.

Sh. Since y^rare resolv'd farewell,
Look you lead not *Apes* in Hell.

Ni. Better lead *Apes* thither then,
Thither to be led by *men*.

Sh. They to Paradise woud lead you,
Be but rul'd, by what they bid ye.

Ni. To Fools *Paradise* 'tis true,
Woud they but be rul'd by you.

Cho. Thus they parted as they met,
Hard to say who best did get;
Or of *Love* was least affraid,
When being parted either said.

Ambo *Love*, what Fools thou makst of men
When th^rare in thy power, but when
From thy power they once are free?
Love, what a Fool men make of thee?

Factions

Ni.

Facetious and drolling
EPIGRAMS.

The Exchange Maid.


M*Aid*, if Gallants you'd invite
By whole doffens to your sight,
Get you to th' *Exchange*, and there,
Of all Trades turn *Linniners*;
For your Gallants most love Linnin,
Since 'tis that they must do sin in;
And is ever next the skin,
Where does chiefly lye the sin.
Then still keep your Tongue a walking,
(For they much delight in talking)
And with *Reparties* so quick,
Give them word for word so thick;
None that plays at *Shuttlecock*,
May sooner give them stroak for stroak;
Still provided that your main
Design, be onely for your gain;
And 'twixt buying and bestowing,
Keep their purses still agoing:

But to their *Chambers* ne'er go home,
 If to your *Shop* you'd have them come :
 Since, if once they get you there,
 Farewel to all your other ware :
 Then put them off with *piſh* and *ſie*,
 When they chance to come too nigh,
 And tell them *money* buys ('tis true)
Linnin, but *matrimony* you.
 And of theſe *Rules* you need take care,
 But onely till you married are,
 And then by privilege of his Crefſt
 Your Husband cares for all the reſt.

*On the Fanaticks.
 Or Croſs-haters.*

WHo will not be baptiz'd, onely becauſe
 In Baptiſm they make the ſign o'th' *Croſs*,
 Shewing the whiſt how well the Diſel and he,
 In loving of the ſigne o'th' *Croſs* agree.
 Seeing how every one in ſwimming does,
 Streth forth their arms, & make the ſign o'th' *Croſs*:
 Were he to ſwim, rather then make (I think)
 The ſigne o'th' *Croſs*, he'd ſooner chuſe to ſink.

*On an ill-favour'd malicious person,
In Burlesques Rhyme.*

TO tell you what ——— was
For Beauty both of *person* and *face*;
Her *face* was good, if with *faces* at least
It goes as with *Bucklers*, the broadest the best;
And *person* fair, if for fairness it goes,
With women at least, as * with *Bullocks* it does;
In plainer terms, without mincing the matter,
She had a *face* as broad as a *platter*;
And *person* such, as to see her you'd fancy,
'Twere some *Dutch Jugg* were come from be-
yond Sea,
As for the qualitys of her interior,
Which to her outside were nothing inferour.
She lov'd not the world, and 'twas less to be
pityed, (ficted,
Since the world lov'd not her, and so they were
And was so malicious in words and in action,
As she woud set at division and faction;
First day of their marriage, your husband & wives,
And children and parents, last day of their lives;
 *The biggest the fairest.*

Where-

Wherefore I'll end with this *Littany* on her,
 Lord bless all those who love quietness from her.

To a Lady who reported he was in love with her,
 Because he made Verses on her.

Made Anno 54.

CLoris how you your ignorance discover,
 Whilst you mistake a *Poet* for a *Lover*?
 Who when he *Verses* writes, makes love, 'tis true,
 But 'tis unto his *Muse*, and not to you.
 Know then there's nothing can be more absurd,
 then for to take a *Poet* at his word;
 Who when he praises, with *Hyperboles*,
 Nothing but *Poetry* can excuse from lyes:
 'Tis the *Idea* of his Wit and Brain,
 He praises, and not you, then bee'nt so vain,
 To think that you the subject are of it,
 When 'tis th' *Idea* of his Brain and Wit.

To the same
 grown proud and disdainful for it.

CLoris, ne'er think that I shud whine & cry,
 Since you'll needs change, for your inconstancy:

Or

Or like the *Amorous Knight* in the *Romance*,
 Sinks down for grief, and fall into a Trance ;
 But if you needs will change, I'd have you know
 That I can change as easily as you,
 When all the harm that's like to come of it,
 Is, you leave me, I you, and so w^e are quite :
 I'm like your *Glass*, or *Mirror*, that the same
Face you shew it, still shews to you again ;
 Smiles when you smile, frowns when you frown,
 Does every thing just as it sees you do : (and so
 Then be the same to me you were before,
 Or I will be the same to you no more ;
 Who easily for't my pardon can obtain,
 By finding my excuse, in your disdain ;
 But how you'll finde excuse and pardon now,
 For your *disdain* the whilst, I do not know.

On the Justice of Peace's making of Marriages,
 Anno 54.

NOW just as 'twas in *Saturn's* Reign;
 The *golden Age* is returned again ;
 And again *Astrea* from heaven is come,
 When every thing by *Justice* is done.

Who

Who now, not onely in *Temporal* matters,
 But also in *Spiritual* looks to our waters;
 And *Parson* and *Vicar* have nothing to do,
 When *Justice* has making of *Marriager* too:
 The name of *Justice* was dreadful before,
 But now 'twill be a hundred times more;
 When we must expect no manner of favour,
 But all stand bound to our good behaviour:
 Our *Mittimus* now by *Justice* is made,
 And we in *Jayl* of *Wedlock* are laid,
 When instead of *bonds*, we are bound in a *halter*,
 And sure to be hang'd if ever we falter.
 So every thing does fall out right,
 And that old proverb is verified by't;
 That *Marriage* and *Hanging* both go together,
 When *Justice* shall have the ordering of either.

On the occasion
 Of his being left alone in the *Mulbery-Garden*,
 To wait on all the *Ladies* of the times.

Anno '36.

I.

Now into what times
 Are we fallen for our crimes?

Or

Or whatever the matter of 't may be;
 It does not afford
 So much as a *Lord*,
 To wait upon a *Lady*?
 But now all alone,
 A walking they come,
 With no man to wait upon them:
 Your Gallants are grown
 Such Taryers at home,
 A murren and shame light on them.

2.

Is't boldness they lack,
 They are grown so slack,
 Or each turn'd *Woman hater*?]
 Or money they want?
 That's grown very scant;
 Or what the *Devil's* the matter?
 But yet we behold
 Them daily more bold,
 And their Lands to Coyn they distil ye;
 And then with the money,
 You see how they run ye
 To loose it at *Piccardily*.

3. Your

3.

Your Country *Squire*
 I far more admire,
 (If 's want of breeding you'll pardon)
 He knows 'tis the fashion
 To give them Collation,
 Who go to the *Park* and the *Garden*;
 Whilst he of the Town,
 Is grown such a Clown,
 To wait on them he's unwilling:
 But away he does run,
 When the Ladies do come,
 And all to save his *ten shilling*.

4.

But Ladies you'll see,
 Be ruled by me,
 This geer will soon be amended;
 Upon them but frown,
 When you have them at home,
 And all this quarrel is ended.
 Sharp *Hawks* you are sure,
 Will come to the lure,
 So for *favours* in *private* but starve them,
 And strait you'll see,
 In *publick* they'll be
 More ready and glad to deserve them.

The

The Conclusion
To his MAJESTY.

VOuchsafe great Sir, on these to cast your
sight,
Made chiefly for your Majesties delight,
By him, has cast off all ambition,
But onely the delighting you alone;
Counting it highest honour can befall,
To delight him, who's the delight of all.

EPI.

93
your
EPIGRAMS
DIVINE

AND
MORAL,
DEDICATED

To Her

Majesty.

PL.

Nunc---cetera ludicra pono. Hor.

Printed in the Year 1670.

TO
Her MAJESTY
CATHERINE of PORTUGAL,
Queen of Great Brittain, &c.

MADAM,

AS never any Stranger
was more oblig'd than
I, unto the King your
Father, of glorious
Memory; so never any had great-
er desire than I, to make acknow-
ledgement of it to your Majesty: but
living in obscurity, retyr'd from
the light of Court; and making
no

*no Figure there, I imagined it
would have no Grace for such a
shadow and Cypher as I, to pre-
sent my self unto your Majesty ;
and other presents I had none ,
but onely this, which by its little-
ness, shews the greatness of my de-
sire to declare my self,*

M A D A M,

Your Majesties

In all Humility and Devotion,

Richard Flecknoe.



Divine and Moral

EPIGRAMS.

The Fourth BOOK.

To her

M A J E S T Y,

Of the dignity and efficacy of prayer.

AS by the Sun we set our *Dyals*, so
 (Madam) we set our *Pietys* by you;
 Without whose light, we shud in dark-
 ness be,

And nothing truly good nor *vertuous* see.
 You in the Temple so assidual are,
 Your whole Life seems but one continued Prayer:
 H And

EPIGRAMS.

And every place an *Oratory* you make,
When from the *Temple* y^e are returned back :
Like vapours *prayers* ascend, and *heaven* in rain
Of blessings, showers them down on us again ;
And if *Heaven* suffers violence, from whence
But onely *prayer* proceeds this violence ?
Fools were those *Gyants* then, since if instead,
Of heaping *hills on hills*, as once they did,
They had but heapt up *prayers on prayers* as fast,
they might have easily conquer'd *heaven* at last.
O mighty *prayer*, that canst such wonders do,
To force both *Heaven*, and the *Almighty* too !

On these words of our B. S.

O woman great is thy *Faith* !

O Lord! when shall our *Faith* be praised thus?
And we deserve t^e have thus much said of us?
Others count all things possible to thee,
We nothing possible but what we see :
They more to *faith*, than *sences* credit give,
We more our *sences*, than our *faith* believe +
They *believe* all, we but believe by *halfs*,
Their *Faiths* are *Gyants*, ours but onely *dwarfs*.

EPIGRAMS.

Why I write these pious Epigrams so short.

Since long discourse thou'lt not harken to,
I make these short, to see what that will do.

On the Nativity of our B. S.

After the *Glory* which to *God* on *high*,
Was given to day, at his *Nativity* :
If piously---curious you would know
What *Peace* it was, was given to *men* below.
That *peace* of *God* infallibly it was,
All humane understanding does surpass ;
Which whilst the *high* & *proud* do seek in vain,
The *low* and *humble* onely do obtain.
Seek then to know no farther, but be wise,
This is the *Mystery* of *Mysteries* ;
After which none that any *Reason* hath,
Can doubt of any *mystery* of *Faith*,
That *God*'s a *Man*, and 's *Mother* a *Virgin* is,
What can there be more wonderful than this ?

Of the Circumcision of our B. S.

How soon, O *Lord*, to day didst thou begin
To shed thy blood for us, when first was seen ?

H 2

Spring

EPIGRAMS.

Spring forth the **Fountain** of thy pretious bloud,
Which at thy *passion*, ended in a **floud**.

*On the death and passion
of our B. S.*

O *Blessed God!* and wouldst thou dye,
For such a wretched thing as I?
This of thy *Love's* so great a proof
Angels can ne'er admire enough;
And all the *Love* by far transcends,
Of *Parents*, and of dearest friends:
T'have such a benefit bestow'd,
Woud undo any but a *God*:
And *Love* it self make Bankrout too,
By leaving't nothing more to do.
Had *King* or *Prince* done this for me,
What wondring at it woud there be?
And wondring at it now there's none,
When by a *God* himself 'tis done!
Strange blindness! man shud more esteem
Of any thing that's given to him,
By earthly *Kings*, than what is given
Unto him by the *King of heaven*!

Of

EPIGRAMS.

of Judgement.

D *Death* terriblest of terriblest they call,
 But here behold the terriblest of all;
 For none fear *death*, but those who *judgement* fear
 For some offences th'ave committed here.
Life's but a prison, we the prisoners are,
Death, Jaylor, or the Turnkey as it were:
 Who but delivers us when Sessions come,
 To the Tribunal, to receive our doom:
 When as we *well* or *ill* have lived here,
 We shall be punisht or rewarded there:
 And this now is the most that *death* can do,
 The rest let each ones *Conscience* look unto.
 Happy are those who in that dreadful day,
 With good *Hylarion* confidently may say,
 "Go forth my soul, this many and many a year
 Thou hast serv'd God, & now why shudst thou fear?
 Leave that to those, who whilst they made abroad
 In this world here, did serve it, more than God:
 "The good and *vertuous* wish for death, the bad
 And *vitions* onely are of death affraid.

Death is the shadow of life, and as in vain
A beast shud look for th' shadow of a man;
 So those who have not liv'd the life, shud trust
 In vain, at last to dye the death o' th' just.

EPIGRAMS.

of Easter and Christmas.

OF *Easter*, a great word was said,
This is the day the Lord hath made;
Of *Christmas* yer, a greater word,
This is the day that made the Lord.

On these words of our B. S.
I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.
Paraphrase.

THOU art *the Way, the Truth, and Life* thou
As well thou mayst, (sayst,
What Fool is he, then woud forsake the way,
And go astray?
What Fool is he, who woud the *Truth* refuse,
And *falsehood* chuse?
But above all, what fool and mad man's he
Woud forsake *thee*,
Who art *Eternal Life*, and chuse to dye
Eternally?

On Gods beholding all we do.

THOU fearst the sight of *men*, when thou dost ill,
Why not the sight of *God*, who sees thee still?
O

EPIGRAMS.

*On our dependancy on the hands
of Almighty God.*

HAve you not markt how *little puppets move,*
By their dependancee from some hand above?
Just such is *man* i'th' hands of *God*, if he
But well consider'd his dependancy;
And who if this he well consider woud,
Shud ever dare to offend *Almighty God*?
Who gently leads those, who his will obey,
And those who won't, he hales and drags away.
Rebel and *fool* then, struggle not in vain,
To flee the hand of *God*, and break thy chain;
Which thou canst never do, nor ever flee,
But from *God* pleas'd, to *God* displeas'd with thee.
Struggle no longer with him then, for woe
Unto thee, if he once but let thee go.

On these words of B. S.
Be ye perfect.

YOU bid us to be perfect, *Lord* and we
Continue still imperfect as you see;
What shud we say, *O Lord*, but onely this?
Give what you bid, and bid us what you please.

EPIGRAMS.

On these words of the Apostle

Nihil ex me possum facere.

And again:

Omnia possum in eo qui me Confortat.

H Appy are those who doubly armed are,
Against *presumption*, and against *dispair*;
By these words of th' *Apostle*: first, *that man*
(Without *Gods* help) of *himself* nothing can;
and next that *he can all things* do again,
By *Grace of God*, who helps and comforts him:

On the saying of a certain holy man.

MY *God and I can all things* do, said one,
And if it seems too great *presumption*,
To name himself *with God*, 'tis without doubt
A greater yet, to name one's self *without*.

On these words.

Deo service Regnare est.

H Ark all, who just like *Tantalus's* starve,
Whilst you in vain for worldly greatness
serve;

And

EPIGRAMS.

And know that all this *world* is but a cheat,
And how there's nothing in't that's truly gyeat:
But if indeed true *greatness* thou dost love.

'Tis onely to be sought i'th' *world above*.

And to serve *God* whilst in this *World* w'are here
Is th' onely way to arrive unto it there.

Know then, the onely true Ambition,

Is for to serve *Almighty God alone*.

For who serve others are but slavish things,

But 'tis to *Raign* to serve the *King of kings*.

On the Picture of a weeping Magdalen.

ARt as well as *Nature* could,
Have made a *speaking*, if it woud,
As well as *weeping Magdalen*:
But that it is the nobler way,
In those who grieve for love they say,
to grieve and never to complain,

EPIGRAMS.

On the Magis following the Star.

OTher *Astrologers* of opinion were,
That all the *World* was lesser than a *Star*;
But these it seems, believed it alone,
Who woud leave all the world to follow on,

Of the rooting out vices.

V*Ice is in man, as weeds in Gardens are,*
And lest we daily take especial care,
To weed and root them out, they grow so fast,
We shud be quit o'er grown with them at last.
More shame for us, each silly *Gardner* then
Shud take more care to keep his *Garden* clean
Than we our selves, and with a hand more nice,
purge it from *weeds*, than we our selves from *vice*.

Of the pleasure of doing good, &c.

DO good with pain, this pleasure in't you
finde,
The pain's soon past, the good remains behind;
Do ill with pleasure, this y'ave for your pains.
The pleasure passes soon, the ill remains.

EPIGRAMS.

On a Ladies Beauty suddenly decay'd.

O Heavens ! is this that so admired face,
Where yesterday such world of Beauty was?
And now to day, 'tis all so wholly gon,
No shadow could be vanish'd half so soon !
If this the end of mortal Beauty be,
O thou immortal ; rather unto thee
Let me my vows, and my devotions pay,
That ever lasts, and never canst decay :
Then such frail Idols, which whilst we adore,
To day are here, to morrow are no more.

Of Sin.

W H O woud but think, when th'are about
to sin
O'th' pains which sinners for't in *Hell* are in ;
They'd sooner throw themselves i'th' fire here,
Than hazard being thrown i'th' fire that's there.
This if thou dost believe, I see not how
Thou canst a *sinner* be, and if that thou
Dost not believe it, then I do not see,
How thou agen a *Christian* canst be.

EPIGRAMS.

O *curst sin* ! nor *heaven* nor *earth* can bear,
 Cast *Angels* out of *heaven*, created there,
 man out of *Paradise*, who there did dwell,
 And all the rest for *sinning* into *Hell*.

The Harmes of procrastination

YOU say *Repentance* never comes too late,
 But let not *sinners* be deceiv'd with that ;
 It may too late be to *Repent*, if they
 Defer it yet untill an other day.
 How many *sinners* have unto their sorrow,
 Lost *Heaven* by putting't off until to morrow ?
 And *Hell* is full of those, who *sinning* cry'd,
 To morrow still, till unawares they dy'd.
 Then let's not *croaking Ravens* imitate,
 By crying *cras*, *cras* still, till 't be too late ;
 But leaving of this *damned cry*, let's say,
 To morrow is too late, begin to day.

of hearing the Word of God.

IF those (as *Holy Scripture* makes it clear)
 Who have the *Spirit of God*, *God's Word* will
 hear,
 We well may fear what spirit makes abood,
 In those, who will not *hear the Word of God*.

EPIGRAMS.

*On our B. S. curing the Leaper;
And our own infirmity.*

O Lord thou knowst how most infirm I am,
Blinde unto Truth, & vertuous actions lame.
 O therefore thou that makst the *blinde* to see,
 And *lame* to walk, help my infirmity.
 I know, O Lord, thou needst but onely say
 Be cur'd, as thou to th' *Leaper* didst to day:
 And thou knowst Lord, so great's my misery,
 That I am far more *Leaporous* than he;
 For mine's not onely in the *outward skin*,
 But in the very heart, and *minde within*;
 And does not onely make the *body foul*,
 But even infects and taints the very soul.
 O therefore thou that knowst my infirmities,
 Make haste, O Lord, to help and succour me.

Of Revenge,

God says *Revenge* onely to him belongs,
 The *Laws* to them, the righting others
 wrongs:
 For us to seek *Revenge* then, what is's else
 But to *wrong* them, whilst we woud *right* our
 selves.

Of

EPIGRAMS.

Of Heaven.

What *God is*, he might undertake as well,
 As what *Heaven is*, shud go about to tell:
 For *God makes Heaven*, as *Kings make Courts*,
 No more by man can comprehended be; (and he
 Then can the *Ocean* that is infinit,
 Be comprehended in some narrow pit.
 Just then, as less the *Ocean's* bottom's found
 More deeply those ingulph't in it are drown'd;
 And as the more's our ravishment, the less
 We can the joyes which ravish us expresse;
 We well may say it ne'er can be expresse,
 What joys are there prepared for the blest;
 And 'twere not *Heaven*, if we knew what it were;
 But more a *Heaven* the whilstt, to those are there.

Of the thought of death.

I Can't conceive how any can be said,
 Happy to *live*, who are of *death* afraid;
 Since daily we in every thing do see't,
 And every where w're put in minde of it;
 Happy was he then every night did go
 To *bed*, as 'twere unto his *grave*, and so

Got

EPIGRAMS.

Got such a habit of't at last, he did
Go to his *grave*, but as he went to *bed*,
" Since every where *death* waits for us, 'tis fit,
" We likewise every where shut wait for it.

Of a Noble Ladies imbracing a Religious Life, Eglouge.

A gentle Sheepherdess, as ere did tread (fed,
Upon the Plains, whereon her Flock were
Inspir'd by him, who all good thoughts inspires,
Felt in her breast, till then unfelt desires | (none,
To taste *Heavens* pleasures, seeing *Earth* had
A Soul in longing, long could feed upon,
But changing one, a weary of the first,
She found the latter pleasure st ill the worst:
And so went still deluded in her minde,
Seeking for that which she could never finde,
This *Infant thought*, with pious care she fed,
And with Religious Education bred;
Giving it now an *Aspiration*,
Or vote of that blest life to feed upon;
And now a *sigh*, and now a *tear* agen,
For never knowing that happiness till then:
Avoiding carefully those Rocks and Shelves,
On which so many souls had wrackt themselves,
Those

EPIGRAMS.

Those two extremes on which so many fall;
 To undertake too much, or nought at all.
 For 'tis with new-born children of desire,
 As 'tis with sparks you kindle unto fire:
 Starv'd with too little fewel 'twill not lighs,
 Opprest with too much, 'tis extinguish'd quite.
 And now she's all a fire, happiness be
 Fair *Virgin* to thy best desires and thee:
 So full, so high, so great a happiness,
 As nothing can be more, that is not less;
 Nothing beyond, but down the Hill again,
 And all addition rather loss than gain.
 By glad experience mayst thou finde all store
 Of hearts contentment thou expects and more;
 And learn that *Magick of Religion* there,
 Makes every thing quite contrary appear
 To you, than unto us. Rich poverty,
 Triumphant sufferance, brave humility,
 Soft hardnes, greatest difficulties slight,
 Sweet bitterness, and heaviest burthens light:
 Ease in your labour, pleasure in your pain,
 A Heaven on Earth, and all things else but vain.

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